

AN ANSWER TO

34.

Stauka an Vauraga.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

II. JOHNNY and NELLY.

II. The PHOENIX of ULSTER.

V. The BANKS of the DEE.



Monaghan : Printed by JOHN BROWN.

A New SONG call'd

The ANSWER to Stauka an Vouraga.

I AM a fair maid that loves good Company,
Such as would chuse a girl of Quality ;
Oro, and the Boys I adore,

I travel'd this Nation Submissive and Compleasant,
From Country to City I roll'd in great merriment,
Oro, and am killing galore,

All those who Navigates in the Seas of tranquility,
Curls their Sails in the midst of extremity,
Steers by their Compass unto the lower country,
When the Tempest's over, we'll drink in great jollity :
Oro, and had pleasure galore,

One day as I rov'd by an ancient brave Castle sir,
I met a young lad and he drest in the Fashion sir,
Oro, and his eyes they did roul.

He handles me jently, Carouses me hartily,
Praises my Beauty, and Hugs me quite lovingly ;
Oro, he is the joy of my soul.

He says my fair maid, if you join me in company,
To Munster we'll go for to see that fair country ;
It's the province we'll roul in great jollity,
And back we'll return to sweet mildosity ;
Oro, and the lip of a Bowl.

He is as handsome a lad as any in this Country,

He singes, he doubles, he triples it handsomely;
Oro; he is valiant and bold.

He lies in my arms without dread or danger,
I lend him some coals to keep fire in his Chamber;
Oro there was Snow on the ground.

While we were a killing and hugging quite heartily,
Routing and sporting, under Venus's liberty;
I kindled his Coals with a bunch of Curiosity,
Sits at his own Fire, and keeps me in memory:
Oro, I am afraid he'll get Cold,

Tis now I will leave off my raking and rambling,
To Munster I'll go for to set up a Standing;
Oro, and I'll pats for a maid.

'Tis there the boys out of pleasure will pleasure me,
With joy out of measure they'll dingle & gingle me,
With Bottles and Glasses we'll pats the night merrily,
Saying here's a good health to the boy in obscurity,
Oro, my Harvest is made.

Johnny and Nelly, or he Faithfull
Lovers.

I AM a young Sailor that plows through the
Ocean,
That now I could wish for no higher promotion,
Than for to enjoy a fair Maid I love dearer,

Than all my relations I wish I'd ne'er seen her;
 Maiden, Maiden, lovely fair Maiden,
 Pity your lover that's with sorrow laden.

No pleasure but you my love now can relieve
 me, grieves me,
 Through Seas where the billows roar fairly thou
 For long in my senses thy sweets are indented,
 And love will preserve that whit love has im-
 printed.

Leave thee, leave thee love I'd ne'er leave thee,
 Gang where thou will dearest I wou'd be with
 thee.

Dear Johnny I'm jealous when e'r I discover
 That you in some seaport might choose a new lover
 There's n'thing in this world wou'd wound my
 heart fairer.

Than you to prove fa'se and to fancy one fairer;
 Grieve me grieve me, fairly it would grieve me,
 A the long nigh: and dry gin ye wou'd leave me.

My Nelly let never such fancies oppress ye,
 For while my blood warms i'll kindly carress ye,
 Your sweet bloom'g beauty fir' kindl'd loves fire,
 Your virtue and wit makes it still a flame higher,
 Grieve thee, grieve thee love I'll ne'er grieve thee,
 Ten thousand deaths I'd die e'r I'd deceive thee.

Now Johnny I fondly this moment allow thee,
 To think me you lover for love gars me trou thee,
 And gin ye prove saje to yoursel be it said man,
 Ye'll gain but sma honour to wrong a fond madden,
 Reave me, reave me, love it woud bereave me,
 O! my rest night and day gin he woud leave me.

When the fair Summers morning nay mair
 appears ruddy,
 And the springs of Kilkenny love they a run muddy,
 When Britons think proper the French to obey,
 Never till then you'll be by me deceive'd love,
 Leave thee, leave thee, love I'll ne'er leave thee,
 I'll forsake the Ocean love never to leave thee,

Now Johnny I find that you now are sincere love,
 So let us unite now without dread or fear love,
 The torments of love when a lover's disdainfull,
 No Poniard or Sword to a breast is more painfull,
 Burning, burning, in flames I'd lye burning,
 If you were to leave me untill you're returning.



The Phœnix of Ulster

Tune Oulicondo,

DR AW near you young 'overs unto my rela-
 Which I'll now unfold unto you, (tion,

Tis love that has caused my grief and vexation,
 I fear my poor heart it will undo ;
 In New-y in Mill-street my love I did see,
 Her sweet b'rely features has quite ruin'd me,
 My heart now is bound there is none can it free,
 But my beautiful Alley O.

My love she outvies all the maids in this nation,
 For beauty wit and mirth,
 Dame nature never framed e'er since the creation,
 A Nymph of such pure chality,
 By loving thi fair one pray who can me blame,
 The Phœnix of Usher my darling I'll name,
 The north I have ranged and found no such dame,
 As my beautiful Alley O.

Like wax-work she's framed all over
 My love she does all the sway, compleated,
 From all the fair Goddesses can be repeated,
 I'll crown her the Queen of the may ;
 If Death he would seize me with his killing dart,
 'Tis he'd e'fse the pain of my poor bleeding heart,
 Of loves burning flame I do now feel the smart
 For my beautiful Alley O.

O Cupid pray of a young swain now take pity,
 An arrow I pray you let fly, [ditty
 At the breast of this fair one the theme of this

With love wound her as well as I ;
 My heart now is burning like sulphur in flames,
 Since the Phœnix of Ulster my person disdain,
 No Doctor can ease me of loves racking pains,
 But my beautifull Alley O.

My sweet Alley Ferris now grant me your favour
 And heal the sad wounds that you gave,
 To your poor dying lover and likewise endeavour,
 To save him from his silent grave ;
 Let no other lover e'er have it to say,
 You caus'd your poor Jemmy to lye in the clay..
 I'm scorching in flames love e'er since the first
 I saw beautifull Alley O. [day.]

The pains of truelove renders me quite unable,
 My Phœnix's praises to write.
 But alas to my grief my subjects no fable,
 The which I in sorrow indite ;
 'Twas to my great grief I to NEWRY did go,
 For to see my Alley that caused my woe,
 She's compleated with virtue from head to her toe
 My sweetbeautifull Alley O.

The BANKS of the D E E.
 Tune—LANGOLEE—very slow.

TWAS Summer, so softly the breezes were
 blowing,

And sweetly the Nightingale sung from the tree,
 At the foot of a rock, where a river was flowing,
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee ;
 Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou blest river,
 Thy Banks purling streams shall be dear to me ever,
 Where first I did gain the affection and favour,
 Of Jemmy, the glory and Pride of the Dee

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus
 mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he ;
 And there is no hopes of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the Banks of the Dee—
 He's gone, the dear youth ! o'er the loud roaring bil-
 ows,

The finest, the bravest of all his gay fellows ;
 And left me thus mourning amongst those green wil-
 lows,

The loneliest nymph on the Banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore
 him,

Restore once again my dear Jemmy to me—

And when he comes back, with such care I'll watch
 o'er him,

He ne'er shall again quit the Banks of the Dee.

The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
 The lambs on its Banks shall again be for playing,
 Whilst I and my Jemmy are carelessly straying,
 And taste o'er and o'er the sweets of the Dee.

FRANCIS S.

